FROM QUEEN'S.

NOTES BY TELEPHONE.

"Queen's would rather die than be defeated in Brockville."

Nov. 11th.--"Marquis, '84, never talks football now; neither does Rankin, M.D., late of Edinburgh."

"To be beaten by those little fellows; and they didn't have Devine, Hughes, Kehoe and O'Mally either."

"Let us put our heads together and get up a Queen's cheer to drown that infernal Rah! Rah! Rah! next Saturday."

Nov. 4th.—"Nothing but the complete and final defeat of Ottawa College will satisfy Queen's now; we have a grand team."

"The good citizens of Kingston went to bed early on the night of Nov. oth." (The citizens of Ottawa formed a torchlight procession two miles long.)

"Well," said one of the victims, as that funeral train neared Kingston, "the Champions have made 1,500 glad hearts today." "Yes," was the snappy response, "and they have made 3,000 mourners."

A grand reception was prepared in Kingston for the Queen's heroes. Brass bands, bugles, bunting, torches, etc. It was also known that the I oys had a trunk filled with kazoos and fish-horns at Brockville. But the *principai* feature was the case of Cameron's Old Scotch, hurriedly ordered from W. R. McRae's when the news came "We've got them, 9 to o." We haven't heard whether that order was countermanded or not.



SCENE AT BROCKVILLE STATION.

Tommy Dobs (newsboy): Say, Billy, what's dem fellers doin' over dare? We're havin' a great circus over here."

Billy: "Dey don't do nothin'. Dare's more fun at a funeral."